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unless we wish to put an end to progress in the United States. Committees are never inspired. They are instruments of restraint; the embodiment of caution.

FOREIGN BLASTS ON TREATY TACTICS ARE BADLY KEED

It is the Cause of World Amity, Not Merely That of a European Rescue, Which Demands Our Entrance Into the League

AMERICANS have been censured for not reading the league of nations covenant. It now appears that Europeans have been similarly remiss, or else have chosen to disregard the plain intent of that overdebated document.

From across the sea bitter words are flung at this nation for its failure to ratify the treaty of Versailles. They are uttered with a view to prodding the United States Senate to take affirmative action on the peace pact, and as spurs to a greatly to be desired performance these words have been applauded by some of our sincere but highly self-critical citizens.

Support of this variety carries idealism pretty far. It would, of course, be fully justified if Europe, by her diatribes, meant precisely what we mean. But does she? That is the uncomfortable question raised by her present attitude.

The query, regarded apart from partisan bias, raises serious doubts as to whether in some influential quarters abroad the original design of the league is not misconceived, either ingeniously or with deliberate purpose.

Abuse of America for not hustling the treaty through is perhaps natural. If the shoe were on the other foot and we had signed up and were waiting for Europe's approval, it is unlikely that our observations would be uniformly kindly.

Granted, however, that nations collectively are "temperamental" just as the ordinary human individual is, there yet remains the disturbing possibility that elements in the foreign press and some of the foreign public figures are not arguing their case in the wisest way.

"Save Europe!" is the burden of their cries. We are berated for neglecting a continent, to the rescue of which we contribute largely, and are at once grossly and eagerly informed that by ratifying the treaty we will become the instrument of Europe's salvation.

As evidence of the folly of outside interference in the domestic affairs of a nation, such oburgations lamentably fill the bill. Borah and the treaty-wreckers may be conceived as chuckling contentedly when Europe overcautions the note of selfishness.

Readers of the league covenant—those distressingly rare inhabitants of a world which so imperatively needs the constitution of amity—are aware that Europe is pleading a good cause in a bad fashion. They know that the league does not compel America to be merely the tool of the politicians and senatorial tricksters chiefly desirous of piling obloquy upon their opponents.

The clumsiness with which America has approached the treaty problem is not to be condoned. We have been dilatory and perverse. But in our own American way, the way that is often so puzzling to foreigners, there can be little doubt that we are nearing a solution.

In this connection it is cheering to note that the influential Journal des Debats of Paris has a feeling that altogether too many stones have been thrown from the other side of the ocean.

It is not the place of Europe to chastise either our Republicans or our Democrats. They are our own affair. We have rebuked them and extolled them interchangeably for a good many years, during which they have not driven the nation to disaster. We know something of their relations to each other and of their joint responsibilities to the public.

France, as a whole, is about as imperfectly acquainted with these conditions as this country is with the nature of the "rights" and "lefts" in the Chamber of Deputies. The light which the Journal des Debats has seen is wholesomely respectful of national integrity—an asset which the league, when rightly construed, unhesitatingly preserves.

Unfortunately the tendency to interpret it otherwise has been growing in Europe. Tory newspapers, such as the Morning Post of London and the Echo de Paris scoffed at the covenant when it was originally devised. The pact frowned on armaments, on the old imperial clam, on the old diplomacy. All this was wormwood to the militarists and the cowards in the brotherhood of financial exploiters.

But the absence of the United States from the official formation of the league has for the moment changed its character in their myopic eyes. The Echo de Paris is now not so grievously offended by the international society, since its distinguishing epithet is no longer entirely accurate.

What has been called by Mr. Wilson to meet on Friday is chiefly a league of European nations, and as such it is regarded by that journal as subordinate to the military council of Versailles, which, though reduced to "Verailles," contains the seeds of an out-and-out military alliance. Poch still heads it, and the Echo frankly hopes that it will produce an explicit offensive and defensive partnership between France, Britain, Belgium and Italy.

Across the channel the old guard imperialists, whose purposes have been on the whole commercial and financial rather than military, have exulted in the rough sledding of the league. One finds Austin Harrison, of the English Review, hypocritically sympathizing with the American treaty obstructionists, while at the same time passionately urging Lloyd

George to "have a quiet hour with his bankers."

There are indeed three decidedly unsavory shades of European opinion about the league which are damaging its case in America.

There is the selfish view which persists in regarding America's position in the league as one primarily of European concern. Exponents of this attitude are openly vexed with the United States, even to the point of meddling oracularly with our domestic politics.

There are the professional soldier's viewpoint and the financier's. The danger which lies in them is vitally dependent on American speed in passing the treaty. The harm done will not be irreparable if we soon enter the league.

Happily, men like Lord Robert Cecil, Balfour and Tardieu interpret the functions of the league in the way that its sincere American advocates can approve. There are millions of less vocal Europeans who concur. They realize, as Mr. Taft and Mr. Wilson and many others do, that the league will operate broadly and not merely in the European balliwick.

The mass of world opinion on the subject is unquestionably sound. It is this fact which to some extent neutralizes the regrettable transatlantic broadside of detraction of our methods. When they work out to a lofty purpose, as, in spite of deadlocks and partisanship they assuredly will, it will be not because of angry words in Europe, but in spite of them.

LAWS MADE TO BE OBEYED

MOTOR vehicle and traffic laws recently enacted for the state and the city were formulated with the assistance and advice of automobile clubs, highway officials and others whose aim it was to provide for the safety and comfort of the general public, and simultaneously protect motor drivers themselves from the occasional boor or lunatic who is the first cause of serious accidents.

These regulations ought therefore to be obeyed. Many of them, however, are consistently ignored.

It is explicitly stated in the recent municipal traffic ordinance that automobiles may be parked on only one side of one-way streets in the area between Oregon and Erie avenues and the two rivers. This provision was intended to facilitate the movement of trolley cars and general traffic.

Many of the narrow cross streets are still blocked on both sides, and a driver who doesn't wish to make a long detour has to disobey the letter of the new law and take to the trolley tracks.

Until courtesy and good manners are universal among motorists the public and the drivers themselves will never get the maximum of service and pleasure out of motors. The new road laws enacted by the last Legislature have innumerable excellent features, but until the intent as well as the letter of the code is generally understood many of the old dangers and abuses will continue.

The state authorities expressly permit the use of high-powered headlamps with deflecting lenses. But the law explicitly states that those lights must be dimmed at the approach of an oncoming car. This obligation is perhaps more generally disregarded since the new law was enacted than it ever was before, since many drivers assume that the use of an "approved" lens relieves them of a responsibility that good sense and good manners alike suggest.

The framers of the new law recognized the danger of night driving with inadequate lamps. They made sensible and generous rules which not a few drivers fail to understand. There is no device that will altogether eliminate "glare" in lights of the sort that make night driving safe on strange roads, and for that reason those who, for their own safety, take advantage of the liberal provisions of the present code and use headlamps of maximum power should cultivate a regard for the safety of others.

One of these days the state highway officials and the police in this city will find time to enforce the traffic rules drawn up long ago for horse-drawn vehicles and generally disregarded by owners and drivers whose negligence often menaces drivers and occupants of motorcars. Not one horse-drawn vehicle in four carries the red light demanded by the ordinary road laws.

The attention of the police in the city and on country roads is concentrated on motor vehicles. A motorcar moving at night without the necessary lights and identification marks is immediately stopped. Busses and horse-drawn wagons of all sorts without front or rear lamps are a constant danger on country roads after nightfall. They violate a definite law.

The Supreme Court in an Aescent Decision refusing permission to the New Jersey Retail Liquor Dealers' Association to bring original proceedings in court to test the constitutionality of the prohibition amendment has laid on the association's back the stick the members would like to put in their beverages. The wine cup these days seems charged with 100 per cent alcoholic discontent. Every day another drop of litters is added to it.

This seems to be the piffle season in treaty discussion. Austria, we learn, is due to come "a perpetual poorhouse" because of the loss of "producing areas." It may be so, but it does not necessarily follow. England for generations, and from choice, was in exactly that condition, bartering manufactures for food with considerable success.

Twenty million Americans are represented at a meeting in Washington for the purpose of speeding ratification. That's all right. Ratification is a good thing that isn't shown any grudge to date, out it is sound in wind and limb and should go far.

At a meeting of the Bandits Grow Fearful Auto Bandits' Association held recently a committee was appointed to investigate local police conditions and to formulate plans for the guidance of members in the immediate future.

Mills wants it understood that eyes are the only things wide open in this man's town, and there will be no winking at dereliction in the police department.

WHAT DEMOCRATS RAISE

Hastings Was Given the Information and Product Seems Unchanged Today—Review of Past Celebrities

By GEORGE NOX McCAIN
POLITICS in one particular is largely a matter of parallels. The position of the Democratic national party today is but slightly different, in the mind of the average Republican, from its attitude and attributes of a quarter of a century ago.

This particular observation is the outgrowth of an incident recalled to my attention the other day. Its application finds a parallel in the general condition of that party for some time past.

It was during Cleveland's second administration at a time when the protective tariff was the paramount issue. Pennsylvania was in a ferment over the free trade tendencies of the tariff. Daniel H. Hastings in the midst of it was chosen Governor by the largest high tariff Republican majority ever given any candidate in the state. He was making an address one night in Greenville, Mercer county, in the opera house. The building was packed to its capacity.

And since then what has the Democratic party been doing? From a distant corner of the gallery the answer came with prompt, startling and emphatic distinctness: "Raising hell principally."

A SOMEWHAT similar incident that I recall occurred at the Democratic National Convention of 1892. On this occasion, however, conditions were reversed. The reply came from the platform and not from the gallery.

It was the convention that nominated Cleveland for his second term. There had been a perfect whirlwind of unbridled eloquence—or what was supposed to be eloquence. It seemed as though every curbstone and corner store orator west of the Mississippi was bent on addressing the convention in a scolding speech.

One of the best speeches was made by Governor Leon Abbett, of New Jersey, although Bourke Cockran, of New York, in point of grace and power was the star of the day.

Abbett, short, bearded, alert and fiery, had been interrupted several times by some auditor in the gallery who, from the gallery, who had clambered above the heads of the surrounding people and was standing on a narrow ledge clinging to one of the steel truss beams.

In a peculiarly shrill, penetrating, and insistent voice he kept bawling "louder." Once Abbett hesitated in evident annoyance, then, pulling himself together, he proceeded. Again the calliope-like yell came down from the distant gallery: "Louder!"

Governor Abbett stopped abruptly. Pointing a finger in the direction of the figure clinging to the rafter beam, and raising his voice so that it was heard all over the vast assembly hall, he exclaimed: "On that great day when the nations of the earth shall be summoned to the judgment throne, and the Archangel Gabriel sounds his trumpet over land and sea to call the dead from their sleep of centuries, somewhere, in a God-forgotten backwoods churchyard, some fool will raise his head from beneath a crumbling tombstone and bawl, 'Louder!'"

There was no further interruption. WHEN the Democratic National Convention assembled in San Francisco on the 28th of June next it will represent the assembling of a new generation of Democratic leaders for Pennsylvania.

The last few years have witnessed a new swathe cut in the ranks of what the newspapers of a quarter of a century ago called "the war horses of the untried Democracy." Those who have not answered the last summons have reached a point in age where the quietude of private life is far preferable to the more or less tumultuous and exciting pastime of politics.

Among those once conspicuous as state or county leaders who have disappeared from the fray, through death or retirement, are men like Colonel James A. Guffey, William H. Sowden, William M. Singerly, William Muteber, William L. Hensel, William F. Harry, Thomas D. Ryan, Judge Harry Hall, William S. Stenger, John A. Bueona, Charles Barr and a host of others.

Two battles which have been a sanguinary fight still survive and will be conspicuous at the gathering of the clans on the Pacific coast. They are William J. Brennan, of Pittsburgh, and Charles A. Donnelly, of Philadelphia.

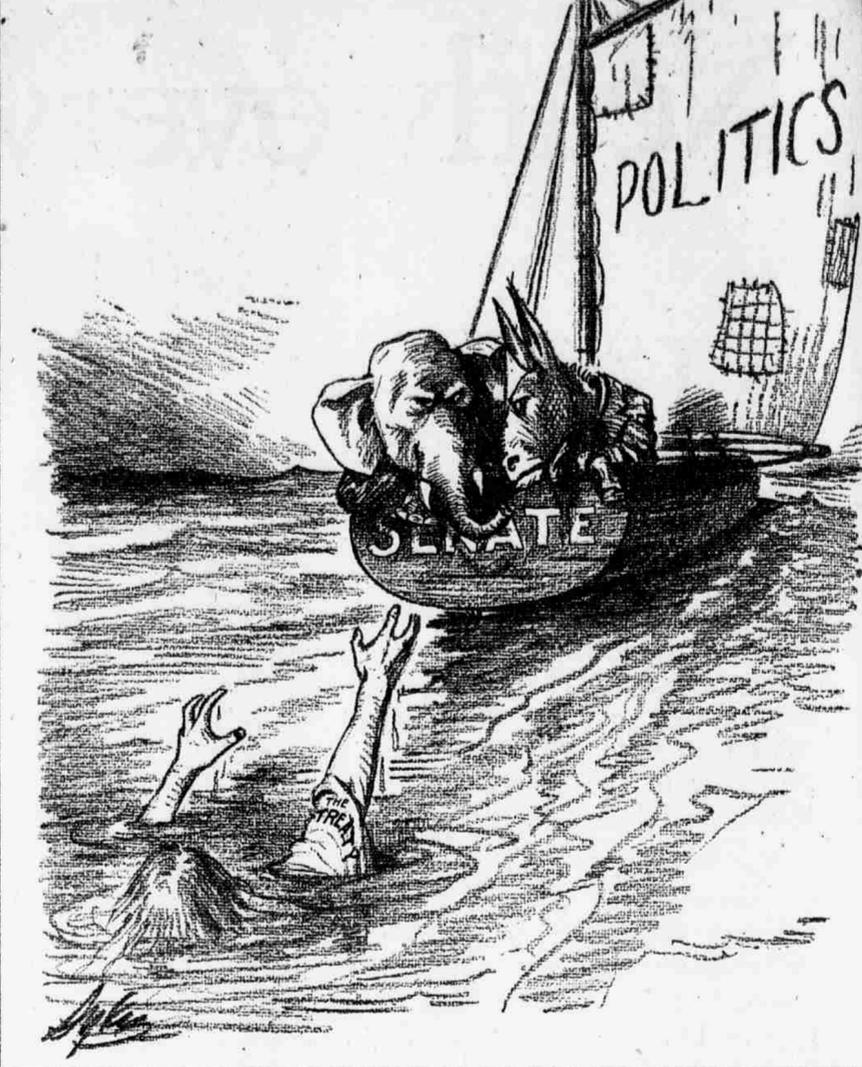
Brennan has become a millionaire and Donnelly a philosopher. The greatest combination of Democratic politicians, from the purely combative standpoint that Pennsylvania ever saw, I think, was "Billy" Brennan and "Pat" Foley. Metaphorically speaking they would fight at the drop of a hat; and the hat was perpetually gravitating toward.

Colonel James Guffey still lives as the dean of Democratic leaders in Pennsylvania. The younger element has shelved him, however, though he still exerts an unseen force in the party.

The peculiar characteristic about Colonel Guffey during his years of power in the party was that he never sought or craved office for himself. The sense of power, the knowledge that he controlled the destinies of his party, seemed to satisfy him.

It is the irony of fate that Colonel Guffey fought the battles and bore the brunt of the fray during the years when Democracy was hardest pressed, only to see the scepter pass from his hand when the party reached the zenith of its power.

BOTH: "GOSH, AIN'T YOU GOING TO DO NOTHIN'?"



THE CHAFFING DISH

ONE of our admirable clients sent us for Christmas a very interesting book called "Smoking," published in London in 1890 and purporting to contain a history and illustrations of all kinds of tobacco pipes ever used by mankind. Curiously enough, however, we find in this volume no mention whatever of the corn-cob pipe. The same is true of an equally entertaining book called "The Anatomy of Tobacco," published in London about 1885. The conclusion, of course, is that up to 1890 not even the most devoted practitioners of pipe-smoking in England had ever heard of the Missouri mesquitum.

Now what we want to know is, when did the corn-cob pipe first come into general use? We put this question into circulation in the hope of getting some data for our future "Tractate on Corn-cobs," which we hope some day to write. If our good-natured clients will compile the facts for us, it will save us a lot of labor.

A Short Story

OUR mind is never so painfully active as when we are making out checks, and the other day, while we were tiring ourselves in that way, we concocted an idea for a short story which we will give away gratis.

The necessary ingredients for this story are an attractive lady called Urdin Georgiana Ingalls, and she is herewith to consider herself invented. If there happens to be any lady of that name in this teeming town we beg her pardon.

It is also necessary to imagine a married couple. The husband once knew this Miss Ingalls and the wife knows that he has not seen her for years.

The action of the story would, of course, begin with a description of the happy home life, bills promptly paid on the first of the month, a visit to the movies once a week, especially when Dorothy Gish is on the screen, etc., etc. Any experienced fiction writer will know how much may be made of this tranquil routine. Then, one evening, in cleaning up his desk, the wife comes across a pile of her husband's old check-books. To her horror she finds, regularly once a month, a stub indorsed briefly with Miss Ingalls's name. The seriousness of the entries seems to imply a certain dreadful intimacy. The sums, while not devastatingly large, vary in amount in a way that seems sinister. Why, for instance, should her beloved John be sending Miss Ingalls \$3.86 in December and \$9.74 in January?

On going back through her husband's stubs, with that subtle thrill that any wife would feel under such conditions, she sees to her horror that these illicit payments have been going on for years. The fact that they show a definite annual cycle of quantities, decreasing in the winter, suggests unutterable intrigues. The fact that during the summer, when she herself was down at the shore, John should send so much less to the abandoned Miss Ingalls seems a notable atrocity. Visions of Reno fit through her anguished mind. Is this the End? She hurries her head in the cozy apartment where her dear spent so many happy evenings and her tears fall freely—fortunately on the rubber plant.

Here there is a fine opportunity for one of the "Women's Home Companion" school of artists. Can't you see it? The lovely blond head bowed on the arm of a tapestry chair, the mellow light of the reading lamp shining on her pathetic countenance, the unobtrusive rubber plant, and the caption under the picture:

A bitter sob burst in her choking throat. Then, of course, John comes home and explains to her about the northwest corner of Broad and Arch streets.

His Heart Softens

The saddest words I can repeat. Each division on the meter means a hundred feet.

EDGAR THE GAS MAN.

Young girls, when visiting at a house party, should be quiet and gentle, well behaved, and agreeable, but when at home

W E NEVER PRINT PUNS

Dear Socrates—A contract is no stronger than its weakest Maeterlinck.

This Sounds Very Unlikely

Dear Socrates—A friend of mine, who used to be leading heavyweight in a burlesque troupe called the "Thousand Dollar Dolls," said she gave it up because they began calling her the Great First Gaiety. Is it not a matter of public concern when artists are driven out of the profession by shallow mockery?

A Street Lamp's Challenge

YON glow from moor curlewian! You yawn of starry orb! You plagiarist parhelion! That wouldst allight about!

YE, all! In ye entirety!

Of flimsy chlorophyll! That wouldst this sodden miry sea Make wear thy "phosphoride!"

YE meteoric felts! Do list

Ye eye-scorching daze of mine; Like piquant torch through nocturne mist, I, zircon-breasted, shine.

AND with my lustrous beams, I dare

The berylline green, that draws So aloft-like from its heavenly lair, To cast its half-it shawls

UPON this earth effort to take,

Or even try outshine The light I thrust upon the waka That slumbers at my shrine. JOSEPH CARLTON PODOLYN.

Sorrows of Our Clients

Dear Socrates: I have been on the verge of sending you some of my drivel for some time, but have doubted because I can't use a typewriter and am too modest to ask any of my friends in the office to type for me. I have decided to contribute, however, because I like you. I want a bit of your advice on a very pressing matter. I want to know whether I should or should not sign my right name to my little things I write now and then. Some day I expect or, at least I hope, to become famous as a writer. If I sign my right name now I can after I'm famous have exercised the writings and any. Look how rotten I was then and how good I am today. On the other hand, if I never become famous, which is quite possible, readers of my writings ten or twenty years from now may say: "He's as rotten today as he was ten or twenty years ago, as the case might be." How would you, in my dilemma, advise me? GEORGE W. ANON.

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

1. A gibbon is a kind of long-armed ape, particularly prevalent in the East Indian archipelago.

2. United States senators were formerly elected by the Legislatures of the respective states.

3. The mean distance of the moon from the earth is 238,800 miles.

4. Alphonse Marie Louis Lamartine was a celebrated French poet, statesman and orator. The elegy "Le Lac" and "Meditations Poetiques" are among his chief works. His dates are 1790-1869.

5. A melodrama was originally a play with songs interspersed.

6. "O Rare Ben Jonson" is the inscription on the poet's tomb, placed there by an eccentric gentleman, Jack Young.

7. The outlying possessions of the United States organized as territories are Alaska and Hawaii.

8. During the period of his regency, the Prince of Wales, who later became George IV of Great Britain, was known as "The First Gentleman of Europe."

9. Erva is the color of unbleached linen. The word is French and means unbleached.

10. Candelabra is the singular of the word candelabra.

DID YOU KNOW?

IN HUMAN imperfection Love puts his greatest trust. What makes the sunbeams golden But little notes of dust? Were men and women perfect All love were incomplete; On seas and lakes Some storms it takes To keep the water sweet.

Oh, no, 'tis not perfection That soars all else above; Nor what is fair and flawless Nor what wins and keeps our love. What man could love an angel? Such love could never live; The constant need Of love, indeed, Is something to forgive. Samuel Minturn Peck, in the Boston Transcript.

The police managed to catch little Italy without any hair-pulling. This, however, was entirely apart from the scalping of ticket scalpers.

The New York Assembly persists in its determination to make Socialism popular.

"I am unavoidably detained," wires Uncle Sam to the council of the league of nations, "but I am with you in spirit."

We gather from a review of the state political situation that every schism makes a chasm.

What Do You Know?

QUIZ

1. Who was president of France under the second republic?

2. In what century did Sir William Blackstone live?

3. What were the names of the three fates? What did the red flag signify during the Roman empire?

4. On what date does Easter fall this year? What is hyssop?

5. What is the meaning of the word "quattrocento," as applied to a period in art?

6. Who was secretary of state under Benjamin Harrison?

7. In what country is the ex-Emperor Karl of Austria-Hungary now residing?

8. What is the origin of the word ketchup?

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